II.

" Go take thy ſon, thine only ſon,
" And offer him to God thy King."
The word was giv'n: the work begun,
" The altar pile, the victim bring."

III.

But lo! th' angelic voice above
Bade the great Patriarch ſtop his hands;
" Know God is everlaſting love,
" And muſt revoke ſuch harſh commands."

IV.

Then let us imitate the Seer,
And tender with compliant grace
Ourſelves, our ſouls, and children here,
Hereafter in a better place.

HYMN

HYMN II.

HOPE.

I.

AH! Hannah, why ſhould'ſt thou deſpair,
Quick to the Tabernacle ſpeed;
There on thy knees prefer thy pray'r,
And there thy cauſe to mercy plead.